Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at
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Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Fire Emblem: Kakusei | Fire Emblem: Awakening
Relationship:	Implied Lissa x Robin
Character:	Male My Unit | Avatar, Chrom, Chrom (Fire Emblem), Liz | Lissa, Frederick (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	slight AU
Series:	Part 1 of The Interviews
Stats:	Published: 2015-05-11 Chapters: 1/? Words: 2710

The Interviews (1)

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Summary

In order to lift the spirits of the Ylissean people at large, Robin, the Shepherds' tactician, has come up with the idea to write a book based on interviews with his fellow Shepherds, who are asked question that Robin has gathered from their comrades. This is contains multiple parts of a series called The Interviews, which will cover all the playable characters in the game, including the Xenologues. This particular chapter features everyone's favourite ass, Chrom, and his sister, Lissa.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Robin, why exactly are we doing this again?” The Prince of Ylisse looked troubled, but his best friend waved his confusion aside.

“Since there’s some crazy stuff going on, I thought we’d try to boost the spirits of the people a little,” Robin explained. He’d slung his coat over the back of his chair and had a little notebook that was worn around the edges out in front of him. Chrom eyed him suspiciously. “This sounds like something Anna put you up to. I’m surprised you don’t have one of her strange new tomes with you.”

“You’re going to specify which Anna,” Robin quipped. “We’ve got enough Annas for a whole army of them. They might even be able to defeat all the Risen on their own. Surely this outbreak is bad for business.” Chrom gestured vaguely in the air. “You know, our Anna. The one with…” he wasn't able to describe her, and sighed. Robin chuckled. “Sometimes I wonder if there’s an Anna

Supreme. Like the mother of all Annas. The one who assembles the Annas."

They both thought about it.

"Ew."

Robin shook the idea out of his head then shrugged, hand firmly grasped around a quill, ink bottle next to it. "Anyway, completely original idea. Then again, who else could do it but the tactician of the Shepherds? Not a bad idea, if I do say so myself." Chrom still looked ill at ease. "I guess you have a point, but why a book of interviews? That sounds like something gossip-hungry nobles would dispatch a scribe to do." He looked at his best friend reproachfully. "I wouldn't have thought you capable of such… exploits."

The tactician frowned. "That sounds terrible, when you put it that way." His frown quickly broke out into a nonchalant grin. "But then again, think of the masses! They need entertainment now more than ever!" There was a gleam in his eye that scared Chrom a little.

"Anyway," Robin continued, "Let's get started." He reached behind him and grabbed a scroll before plonking it down on the table that separated him and the Prince. "I've some questions here that I got from some soldiers and Shepherds who will, uh, remain anonymous. All you have to do is answer them and you're a free man!" he said cheerfully.

Chrom was obviously trying to keep a straight face. "A free man? Robin, am I some kind of prisoner now?" Robin grinned. "Just answer the questions, Chrom. These are all said word for word, nothing's been left out.

"Ok, first up." He unrolled the scroll. "What's your name and occupation? Oh yes, and age?" Chrom was visibly uncomfortable, but he complied. "Uh, I'm Chrom. I'm the, ah, Prince. Of Ylisse, that is. Emm's the Exalt, so I'm the Prince. Yes. Oh, uh, I'm also the leader of the Shepherds, that's right. It's like an army, I guess. Look, Robin, do we really have to do this?" he pleaded.

The man in question was furiously scribbling in his notebook, and without lifting his head from the pages said, "Age."

"Twenty," Chrom said. He had clearly given up trying to object. "Excellent." Robin peeked at his scroll. "Alright, now… Ooh, this question is by… Pegapony Lady, she wishes to call herself. Rather an odd moniker, I'll say, but I'm not one to judge. She asks, 'Dear Commander, do you have a favourite type of pie? I mean, not pie, but food. Or consumable, really. Edible things. I'm not too good at conjuring, you know! Once, I tripped over a pie, do you know? Haha… Robin, I think I'm saying too much. Am I saying too much? I should really stop.' And that's where she left it!"
Robin eyed Chrom, the latter of which was sweating bullets. "So, Chrom. Favourite consumable foodstuff?"

Chrom looked strange. A vague mix between amusement, worry and befuddlement, Robin would have said. "Robin… Are you quit sure that these 'anonymous' questions are really so anonymous after all? I mean, I could've sworn that was Su-"

Robin interrupted the Prince by loudly clearing his throat. "The question, Chrom?" Chrom made a face. "I'd say I'm partial to… bear meat, I suppose." Robin muttered under his breath, "Miss Pegapony Lady's gonna have a hard time getting that for you, I bet."

"What was that, Robin?" The tactician shook his head. "Oh, nothing. The next question's by a Mister Teach. He asks you, 'Hey, Chr- I mean, Commander! Say, do ya have any kind of

favourite sword ‘sides that fancy-shmancy Falchion ya keep carryin’ around? I gotta know if that’s yer, like, secret weapon or somethin’ if I wants ta beat ya. Or if I can get one of my own! If ya can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em, that’s what they always say, eh, Robin?’ I suppose they do, Teach,” he murmured, ending his terrible impression of a particularly unruly axeman.

“Robin, the Falchion is not some cheap steel you can buy with a couple of hundred gold, you know.” Chrom looked pained. “It’s a valuable heirloom, handed down through the ages! I can’t let some charlatan who appears to have a kind of personal vendetta against me carry a fake of it!”

The tactician pointed out, “You really should be addressing Teach, Chrom, not me. Besides, ‘charlatan’ is rather rude. I’d go with more of… ‘wannabe’, perhaps. Anyway, favourite weapon that’s not ‘yer fancy-shmancy’ Falchion?”

“Well, there’s this rapier I have,” Chrom said somewhat sheepishly. “It’s served me through many a fight, and it’s lighter than the Falchion. So I suppose I’d favour it over any other weapon.”

“Does it have a name?” Chrom blinked. “Sorry, what was that?” Robin reiterated, “Does it have a name? I mean, the Falchion’s not exactly a falchion itself, so the rapier’s gotta have some kind of name. I’m not well-versed in the nomenclature of weapons, but I’m sure you have a name for your sword.”

Chrom pulled a face. “Not that I know of. Descriptors aren’t my thing.” Robin was surprised. “Really? You never thought to ask Lissa? I’m sure she could come up with some creative names. In fact, I could help you! What about… ‘Eternal Darkflame’? Ooh, or how about ‘Shadowfang Ripcutter’?”

“That sounds like something an eleven year old teenager trying to sound cool would come up with,” Chrom said frankly. “I’m surprised you even managed to come up with that at all, Robin. No, I’ll just stick with ‘rapier’, if you please.”

The other man shrugged, penning it all down. “Well, if you’re sure, Chrom. Teach’ll be disappointed to hear it. Next up, someone by the name, well, ‘name’, of The Bear. He asks, ‘Your Highness, I would like to ask you - do you have a favourite colour? I- I mean, my cousin, would like to know what colour your smallclothes, I mean… Robin, you understand what I mean.’ Yes I do Sir Bear. So, Chrom.” Robin took his eyes off the scroll. “Favourite colour?”

The man didn’t answer, and instead leaned over the table to look at the scroll. “Oi!” Robin shouted, and snatched the scroll away. “What’re you doing?” Chrome had a strange look on his face. “Robin, I could have sworn I just saw Fred-“

“Alright, buster, that’s enough.” Robin stood up, still grasping the scroll close to his chest. “Just answer the question and you can go. I’ll put Interviewee declined to comment for the rest, or something.”

Chrom sat back, clearly relieved. “Thank the gods. Any more of this and I was going to have to murder you or something.” Robin pulled a face. “Ha-ha. Very funny, Mister Wise-onesie. So, answer the question already.”

“Blue,” he said promptly. “Blue’s my favourite.” Robin raised an eyebrow, looking at the Prince that sat across him, wearing all blue. “Really? I couldn’t have guessed. In any case,” he cleared his throat and snapped the book shut, “You can go. I think that’s quite enough for today.”

Chrom stood up, grabbing the Falchion from where it lay behind his chair. “Thank you,” he said gratefully. “I can only hope that this experience put you off pursuing your book any further.”

“Not at all,” Robin said cheerfully, and turned around in his chair to face the door. “Hey, Lissa!

Your brother's done now, can you come in?" Chrom stared incredulously at the door as his sister came through. "Heya, Chrom!" she chirped, and he gaped at Robin. "You've roped her in as well?"

His best friend nodded. "Of course. I told you, Chrom. I'm going to interview every Shepherd in this army." There was a dangerous glint in his eyes. "And I'll write all of it down in this notebook."

Lissa sat down in the chair opposite Robin, watching her brother leave the room with an extremely worried expression on his face. "What's got his onesie in a twist?" Robin shrugged amiably. "Oh, nothing you need to worry about. Everyone's a critic, I guess. But are you ready to start your interview?" he struck a few lines in the notebook, scribbled something that look remarkably like Interviewee refused to answer further, and turned the page.

"Yeah!" The diminutive princess nodded eagerly. "I wanna hear all about what the others wanna ask about me. Hey, maybe I'll even learn how I can be more ladylike!" Robin, nonplussed, muttered, "I fail to see the connection, but it's your call, Lissa. Just a disclaimer: All identities have been kept anonymous, with most people choosing to use pseudonyms. Even if they aren't entirely well done pseudonyms, I'll have to ask you to not mention their names out loud. It's, ah, customer confidentiality, you could say."

"Whatever," Lissa said impatiently. "Just get to the questions already!" Robin laughed. "You, Princess, are the complete opposite of your brother. You would have thought I had brought him here to be hanged, the way he was complaining. Nearly had to force him to answer the questions, though I'm glad it didn't have to come to that. But the questions, yes!

"Here we have a question from Teach- You again? Gods, this man really 'has no chill', as I've heard the younger Shepherds say. He asks, 'Hey, Princess Lissa! Say, does your brother have any weaknesses or anythin'? Like, is he bad at anything? 'Cuz Teach's been wonderin' if-' Hang on. This ass isn't even asking about you! I'll have to have words with him."

Unfurling the scroll irately, Robin noticed Lissa looking confused from across the table, and he waved his hands. "Don't mind me, just gimme a sec."

"Ah, here we go! This one's by a gent called The Archest. Rings a bell, but I'm not here to comment on people's choice of names; even if they be very obvious. He asks you: 'Dearest Madam Lissa! it would dearly behoove me to know why a fair maiden such as you chose to be a Cleric! After all, your brother, Prince Chrom, is a swordsman, and your eldest sister, the Exalt, a mage, and so one cannot help but to wonder why a lady such as you chose to pursue the most noble art of healing rather than a more aggressive pursuit!' Boy, his speech is more stifling than a winter coat in the midst of summer."

Lissa scratched her head. "He sounds familiar. The Archest, huh? I'll have to ask around the barracks. As for the question…" She pulled a face. "Chrom wouldn't let me be anything but a cleric, said it was 'too dangerous'. I had to make Emm persuade him just to let me go on his survey of the Southern border - that's where we found you, remember?"

Robin nodded. "Yep. So what would you have wanted to be if you weren't a cleric? You must have wanted to be something else."

"To tell you the truth," Lissa confessed, "I've always wanted to do something with horses. Ooh, or pegasi! But Chrom and Frederick would've killed me if I went off to train with the Pegasus Knights. They said I was delicate, or something." She puffed out her cheeks angrily. "I am not

delicate! I betcha I can stand next to any seasoned campaigner! And do the same!"

"Yes, yes," Robin soothed. "I'm sure you could." She eyed him suspiciously. "Are you patronising me, Robin?" He shook his head, suppressing a smile. "No, no, your highness. Besides, it's time for the next question! Right here I have a question from someone who wishes to be known as- Hm. Well, she gave me a question, but she didn't provide an alias. I wonder why?"

Robin squinted to look at the flourished, curly script next to the question he had written. His own neat, straight and small handwriting looked rather pathetic next to the extravagance that was the questioner's. "She says… 'Really, darling, how uncouth of you to suggest that I go by any other name except mine! If you really must exclude my name from that volume of yours, I suggest that you simply exclude the title of my personage from being mentioned at all, yes? Quite smart, if I may say so. Of course, one can hardly expect a man of lower birth such as you to think up of such a devious plan.' Well… that's not rude at all."

Lissa scrunched up her face. "Er, Robin? You were kinda doing such a terrible impression I wasn't sure at first, but that's sounds an awful lot like- Um…" She had noticed Robin glaring at her. "Oi," he said, "Completely confidential. Didn't you agree?"

"R-right." She blushed furiously and asked, "Anyway, so what's the actual question? C'mon already, Robin!"

"Yeah, yeah… Ok, she asks, 'Darling, I simply must know about whether you prefer a parasol or an umbrella! You may not think that there's a difference, but I can promise you, as a connoisseur of shade-relief apparel, there is indeed a subtle difference than not many can pick up upon.' I myself don't really know about the difference, given that I'm a 'lowborn', but Im sure you must know. Right, Lissa?" He looked up expectantly.

Lissa looked rather strained. "Er, Robin? I don't have a clue of what makes them different." Robin nodded. "I suspected as such, since I haven't the foggiest either. Right then, just pick one and we'll move on."

"Then… Parasol, I guess." Robin scribbled it down, muttering, "Right-o, got it. Ok, next question- Oh geez, would you look at that?" Lisa turned to see out the window, and was surprised to see the sun sinking low beyond the horizon. "Man, I coulda sworn that it was noon when I invited Chrom… Ah man, sorry about this Lissa, but we're gonna need to cut this short. I need to meet Frederick for a training session after the next question."

"But I barely got to answer anything," she pouted, and Robin pulled a face, scratching the back of his head apologetically. "Sorry, but I gotta go. So, last question for now? I promise I'll make it up to you somehow."

She frowned at him, but he could tell her heart wasn't really into it. "Ugh, alright. What's the question?" Robin checked the list. "Ok, this one's from The Bear. He asks, 'Milady Lissa, may I be as so rude as to ask what your favourite colour is?' Again? Boy, this man loves his colours."

"Yellow," Lissa answered promptly. "It's the colour of daffodils, and my hair, and, well, it's really nice colour!" Robin scribbled this all down, and shut the book. "Aaaand that's all. Thanks for your time Lissa, he said gratefully, standing up and tugging his coat on. "I'm really sorry we have to cut this short." Lisa stuck out her tongue at him, then quickly stopped when she realised she wasn't being ladylike at all.

"You know you have to make this up, right, Robin?" she asked him, and he nodded furiously.

“Yes, anything! Uh, just let me know, and I’ll make it up! I really need to go now, Lissa, sorry! And bye!”

He rushed out of the room, pile of books under his arm and the door left swinging wide open.

Lissa sighed, all by herself in the room. “He really can be a bit of an egghead, huh. Why do I like him again?”

End Notes

Can you tell I find Chrom’s onesie absolutely ridiculous? Because I do. Also, Robin’s a little shit in this thing, isn’t he? I love writing snarky, somewhat self-aware, less serious Robin. This particular Robin is from a save file that I particularly treasure. Maybe I’ll do a mock-up of how he looks like in the next chapter, or something.

In any case, this is going to be my first real series! Each chapter is going to feature some kind of interview with all the characters in the game that are playable. This includes xenologue characters like Gangrel and Walhart, and this is all gonna happen within the space of the overarching storyline. Stuff like Emmeryn’s big drop (hehe) will still happen, and the characters will make mention of it, but it won’t be the main focus of the story. Hopefully you can see the benefits of having a plot in the background.

Which brings me to that little thing at the bottom! Yes, I will be marrying off characters, and mentioning who they’re gonna tie the knot with and how! For now, my only pairs are Robin x Lissa and Chrom x Sumia. Rather cliché, but I like it. Yes, you can suggest pairings and I may consider writing them in!

That aside, I will be writing the interviews in the order of how the characters that are introduced in-game. For example, next up is Frederick, then after that I’ll do Sully and Virion then Vaike and Miriel. The next chapter will be a little short, but that’s because an odd number of characters are introduced in the beginning and I want to try and even it out. So, a brief rundown of the next three or so chapters is like so:

Ch2: Frederick
Ch3: Sully and Virion
Ch4: Miriel and Stahl
Ch5: Vaike
Ch6: Sumia and Kellam
Ch7: Lon’qu and Donnel

From there on out I’ll make it up as I go.

Which reminds me! If anybody has any questions that they’d like me to ‘ask’ the characters in an RP form with other characters (AKA You want Vaike to irritate Lon’qu), comment below and I may include it. If nobody gives a shit and I’m talking to myself, fuck it, I’ll come up with some stuff in the hope that the people who are reading this will keep reading. And if you’re wondering why I included a question from the as-yet unnamed lady when we haven’t recruited her yet, it’s because Robin’s a persistent ass who doesn’t take no for an answer even if Maribelle doesn’t know him.

Lastly, chronologically in the game's timeline, this takes place just after they arrive in Ylisstol after Chapter 1.

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